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Junior GUIDE

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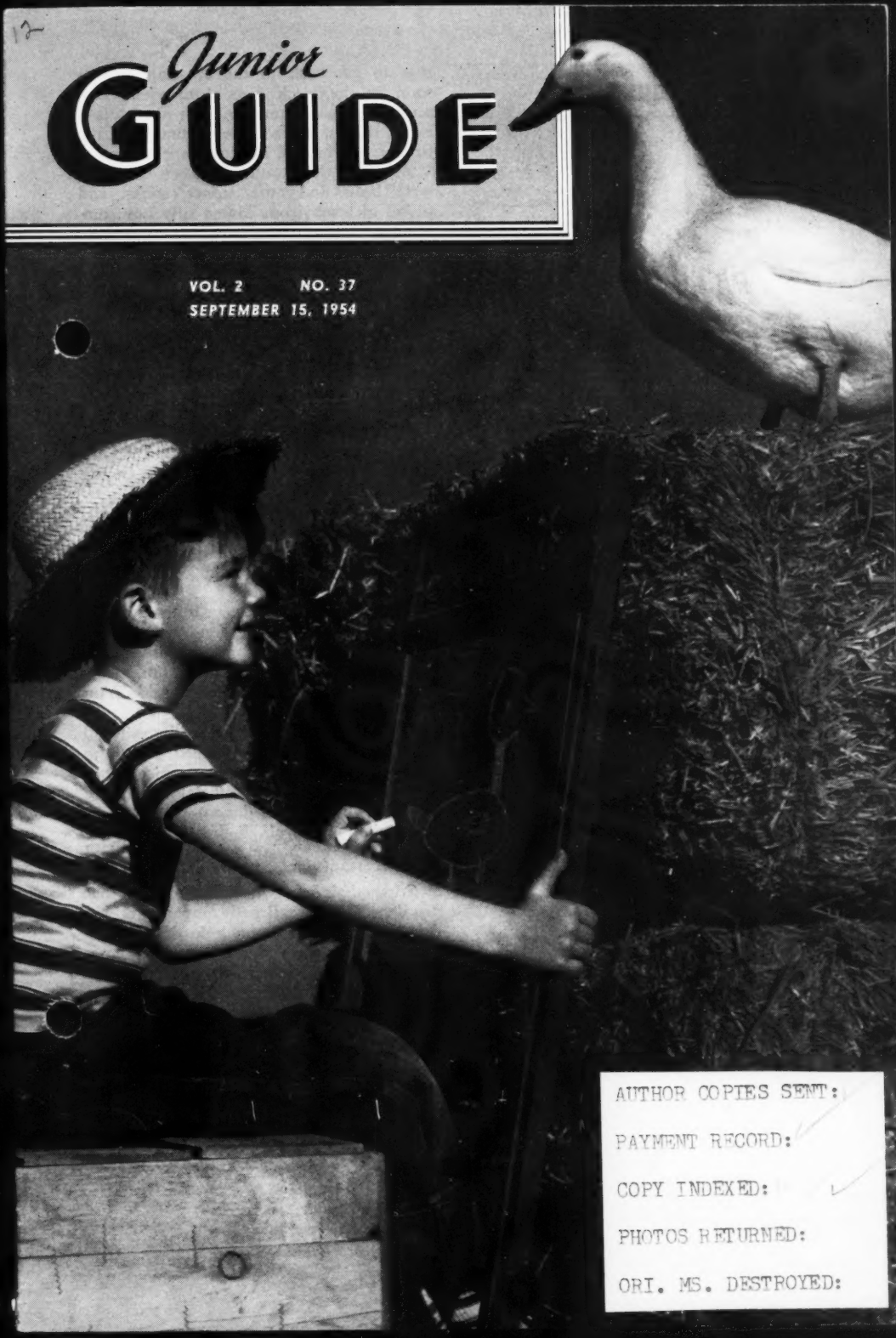

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Philip Saves the Passenger Train

Father had just driven over the railroad crossing, when Philip shouted, "Stop, Dad, there's something lying on the tracks."

Father was a railroad inspector. His job was to drive a little railroad car up and down the tracks to make sure they were safe enough for the trains. Of course, he always watched for stones and pieces of iron lying on the rails, for he knew they could wreck a train. "You're just imagining things, son," he said, without slowing down. "I went over that stretch of track less than twenty minutes ago, and I didn't see anything."

"But, Dad, I'm sure I saw something on the track," Philip persisted. "It looked like pieces of scrap iron, and the limited is due through there in thirty minutes. It will be loaded with passengers."

"Perhaps we had better go back," said Mother softly.

"All right," said Dad. It took several minutes to get back to the crossing, but as soon as the track came into view, Dad saw there was something on the rails—many things, in fact. He slammed on the brakes, and he and Philip jumped out.

As far as they could see down the track were bolts and nuts, stones, sticks, and pieces of scrap iron. "Some silly boy coming home from school must have put them there right after I went by," muttered Dad.

Father and Philip took one rail each, and down the track they ran, kicking the things off as they went. After a hundred yards they were both pretty well winded. Father glanced at his railroad watch. "I could do with a rest," he panted, "but that passenger train will be through in only twenty more minutes. We'll have to hurry."

And hurry they did, but those scraps on the rail extended nearly half a mile. They ran in silence, not wasting their energy talking.

"There," said Philip at last. "That's the last one. The track is clear." It was none too soon. From far down the track came the screech of a train whistle. "We were just in time," said Father.

In a few moments the train swung into sight around the corner and roared past them like a great monster. Father and Philip walked back together. "I'm surely glad you saw that junk," Father said. "You saved many lives."

Next day Father reported to the railroad company all that had happened. Not long afterward he received a very nice letter from one of the high officials, thanking him for what he had done.

But that wasn't all. Father had recently become a Seventh-day Adventist. He had asked to have Sabbath off. Many railroad men lose their jobs when they ask for that privilege. But the railroad company decided that the man whose son helped him save the passenger train was too good to lose. They gave him a better job.

It pays to be observant. That's why one of the requirements for the Companion class is to track a half-mile trail in twenty-five minutes or to describe two store windows after looking at them for two minutes.

Your friend,

Lawrence Maxwell

JOHN COURLEY, ARTIST

He gave the minister something to think about, too!

STORY

KENT WINS A BARGAIN

By TOMMY TUCKER

PAID

"WAS that ever a long service," mumbled Bill, as he stood with his friends just inside the church door.

"Well, it was rather long," admitted Kent, "but I thought it was very good." Kent picked up fifty papers from the tract rack and started out of the church.

"Hey, wait a minute," Bill said. "What in the world are you going to do with all that stuff?"

"I was going to hand it out," Kent replied. "You see, I distribute fifty pieces of literature every week."

Bill exclaimed, "You hand out literature!"

Kent smiled. "Why not?"

"Well, it seems silly," Bill said. "And besides, it doesn't do any good. People just throw it away!"

"But it does do some good," objected Kent. "Otherwise, why would they print all of it?"

"I don't know. Probably they don't realize that it's worthless," Bill replied.

"It does a lot of good," Kent said firmly. "O.K., I'll tell you what I'll do. In two weeks, if you can prove that your tracts and papers do some good, I'll hand out some each week. But if they don't, you'll have to hand out *twice* as many!"

"It's a bargain," Kent said.

As Kent walked to the car with his parents that noon he wondered whether he could make Bill believe in literature. "I'm going to hand out literature as I never handed it out before!" he announced to himself. "I'm going to make it pay off!"

That afternoon he prayed, as he handed out his papers, that he could prove to Bill that it does pay to give out papers and tracts.

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It looked as if his plan would fail. Worried, Kent got the typewriter and punched out a message.

JOHN GOURLEY, ARTIST

GUIDE'S NEW SERIAL

TWO GOALS TO REACH

PAID

By BETTY STIRLING

CHAPTER ONE: BASEBALL OR BIBLE?

DAVE RUSSEL dropped the Reading Course book to the bench beside him. He couldn't concentrate on reading. He scuffed the brick paving of the patio with his shoe as he thought of the talk that Elder Curry had given in the MV meeting the night before.

"Share your faith!" Elder Curry had urged the handful of Juniors and young people who attended the MV meeting.

And Dave was sure that the minister was looking squarely at him when he said it. That bothered him. He wanted to share his faith, to be sure, but how?

"I don't see how I can do it," he muttered to himself.

Romola looked up from where she sat in the swing chair reading. "Did you ask me something?"

"Naw," said Dave. "I was just thinking out loud."

"Well," Romola grinned slyly, "if you were *thinking*, something important must be going to happen!"

"Humph!" Dave grunted. "Wish something important would happen. Like a chance to go to the academy, maybe."

"I wish you could go, too," said Romola. "But you can't this year, and that's that. Dad said he couldn't pay all your way, and you're too young to work at the academy yet——"

"I know, I know," Dave said impatiently. "You don't need to remind me. And when I try to get a job around here it's always, 'Oh, you can't come on Saturday? I'm sorry.' What chance does a fellow have, anyway?"

"Cheer up," said Romola. "You might as well make the best of your year at junior high. I'll have the same problem myself in two more years, when I finish the eighth grade at the church school."

"I suppose so," said Dave. He sighed heavily. "Maybe I should consider this the 'golden opportunity' as the minister says——" He paused to turn the words over in his mind again.

"Golden opportunity for what?" Romola asked curiously.

"To share my faith," said Dave. "Didn't you listen to Elder Curry in MV meeting last night?"

"Of course," said Romola. "We give out papers in the neighborhood and save part of our allowance for missions——"

"It's not that," Dave interrupted. "To share our faith means to tell our friends about Jesus and what the Bible teaches and——"

A freckled face topped by a bristly crew cut appeared over the high garden fence.

"Hi, Dave," said the fence climber as he hoisted himself up and sat a-straddle the top of the fence.

"Hi, Carl," said Dave, wondering what his friend wanted.

"C'm on and play ball down on the corner." He socked a ball into his mitt as he

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spoke. "We need one more to make our team."

Dave shook his head. "Not today."

"Why not?" demanded Carl. "You're not doing anything but sitting there twiddling your thumbs."

"Not today," repeated Dave. "Today is the Sabbath."

"Sure," said Carl. "I saw you go to church this morning. But it's over now. The fellows are waiting. Hurry up."

"No," said Dave. "The Sabbath lasts all day until sundown. I've told you before that I can't play ball on Sabbath."

"Just once," said Carl.

Dave shook his head again. Then he had a sudden inspiration. Here was a way to share his faith!

"Say, Carl," he said. "Come down here and I'll get my Bible, and I'll show you from the Bible why it's the Sabbath."

There, now, that wasn't so hard to say that. Would Carl stay?

"Huh?" Carl blinked. "Read the Bible on a bee-ootiful afternoon like this? I should say not! Some other time, maybe."

"O.K.," said Dave. Why did I even suggest it? he thought. Carl probably never looks inside the Bible.

"See you tomorrow or Monday," said Carl. He disappeared down the other side of the fence, and Dave could hear him running along the sidewalk.

Then a terrible thought struck him. What if Carl told all the other fellows what he had said about spending the afternoon studying the Bible? The thought made him hot and cold all over, as if he were being prickled by a cactus.

Then he was ashamed of himself for even thinking of something like that. What was it the pastor had read last night?

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny also before my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10:32, 33). *To page 21*

A freckled face topped by a crew haircut appeared above the garden wall. "Come and play ball, Dave," said Carl. But Dave knew it was Sabbath afternoon.

JOHN GOURLEY, ARTIST

LEFTY BECOMES A CATCHER

By MRS. JOHN F. UNDERHILL

SORRY, Lefty, but you see we are planning to get a right-handed catcher's mitt with our money, so we couldn't put you in as catcher. We wish you could be on the team, though, but we already have enough." Butch hated to say it, but, after all, this was the decision of the team. He was only their spokesman.

"O.K.," replied Lefty. Never would he let them know how much he wanted to be catcher. He was glad enough to be one of their friends. He liked Butch, Donnie, Oliver, Eugene, and the others. They were good pals.

"Don't forget the big game this afternoon at four," Butch called out to the team members. "We've got to beat the Rangers."

At the appointed time the boys assembled on the vacant lot. Lefty stood back with the younger boys, watching. Oh, how he wished he could play! There didn't seem to be even a chance to pinch-hit though. They were all good players. If he were only right-handed, thought Lefty. But it was fun to watch the game and cheer, at least.

Eugene was up to bat now. The score was two to three, favoring the Rangers.

"Come on, Gene, hit a home run!" shouted Lefty.

"Strike one," called the umpire.

"What's the matter with that batter?" thought Lefty.

"Strike two."

Only one more! Here it comes—click! Good for Gene! Away went the ball, out over the field. Oh! Oh! Right through the upstairs window of Mr. Johnson's new house! Clink—crattle—crash!

The boys gathered in a huddle, looking in the direction of the new house.

"Now we'll get it from Mr. Johnson!" said Butch.

"We'll have to pay for that window, that's sure," added Donnie.

"How can we finish our game without the ball?" asked Oliver.

"Mr. Johnson gave us orders to stay out of the house, so we don't dare go in after it," Butch reminded them.

Gloom settled over the members of the team.

"That would have made a home run for sure, Gene, if it had gone in a different direction," said Butch. "Some strike!"

"If only we had the ball we could finish our game," remarked Oliver. "But Mr. Johnson knows me too well. I wouldn't dare——"

"I'll go up after the ball," volunteered Lefty.

"Atta-boy, Lefty," said Butch. "Come on,

Donnie and Oliver, let's go with him. The rest of you boys better stay here."

The house was not yet finished, and the stair steps had not been built. But a ladder lying along the wall was soon placed against the stair opening. Lefty scrambled up. Butch was just about to follow him when an angry voice sounded behind him. "Hey, you, get right down from that ladder, and put it back where you got it! I know what you want. Just leave your ball up there."

"But Lefty—" began Butch. Mr. Johnson interrupted him.

"No but's! Do as I say! Put the ladder back and run!" he called.

Silently they replaced the ladder against the wall. Mr. Johnson closed and locked the door behind the retreating boys, saying threateningly, "The first boy I see around here will have to pay double for that window."

"But Lefty—" Donnie tried in vain to explain that Lefty had already ascended the ladder and was now on a second-story window sill.

"Beat it!" cried Mr. Johnson angrily.

There was no use trying any further. Mr. Johnson was too unreasonable. The boys joined the waiting group to decide what to do. While they were talking, they heard a familiar whistle, and their precious ball came rolling toward them. Lefty had thrown it from the window so that they could finish the game.

"Say, boys, Lefty is O.K.," said Butch, seriously.

"Shall we finish the game?" asked Oliver.

"Oh, let's call it a tie," said the captain of the Rangers. "It's getting late. Come on, Rangers, let's go to supper."

Butch and his team remained on the corner, wondering what to do. Should they tell their folks? Or would it be better to wait until after supper and approach Mr. Johnson again? He might not be quite so angry by then.

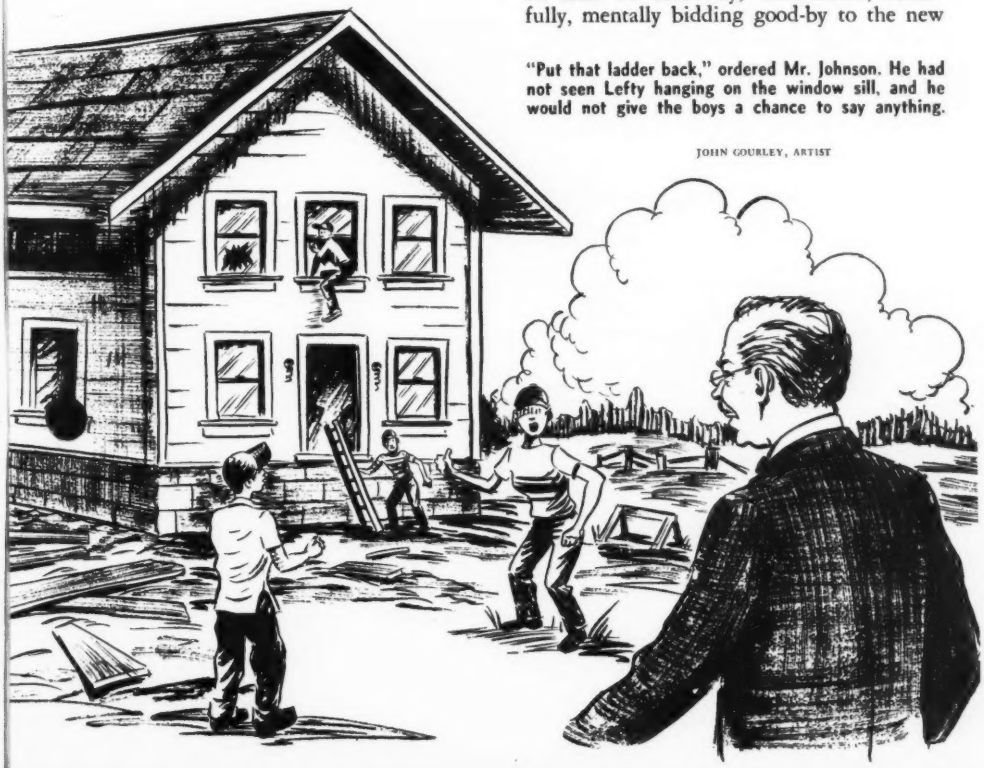
"I'll bet Lefty is getting hungry too," said Donnie.

"Couldn't we toss him up a sandwich through the window?" suggested Oliver. "He may have to stay there all night."

But Eugene had a better idea.

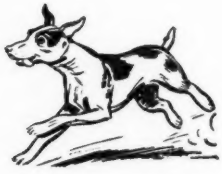
"Let's take the treasury money and offer it to Mr. Johnson to pay for the window. We may not have quite enough, but we can give him the rest of it next week. What do you say, team?"

"We have to get Lefty out some way. At least we could try," said Butch, doubtfully, mentally bidding good-by to the new



"Put that ladder back," ordered Mr. Johnson. He had not seen Lefty hanging on the window sill, and he would not give the boys a chance to say anything.

JOHN GOURLEY, ARTIST



JOLLY JACK

PAID

By ELLEN E. MORRISON

I have a clever little dog,
His name is Jolly Jack,
He makes the very best of pals
And that's an honest fact.

He's shaggy white and has some spots
As black as they can be.
He isn't big, just tall enough
To reach up to my knee.

He has a most ferocious bark
For such a tiny one,
And if you heard him in the dark,
You'd really turn and run!

catcher's mitt they had hoped to purchase.

"O.K. by me," said Oliver and Donnie together.

"It will take me but a minute to run and get it," said Eugene as he disappeared around the corner.

Mr. Johnson was just finishing his supper. Somehow it did not seem to taste just right. Sometimes he almost choked when he swallowed. Perhaps he had been too severe with the boys. But they really should learn to be more careful. The window would not cost so much, he thought, and it *might* have been an accident. He remembered another accident. Not so many years ago, he, Elmer Johnson, had had an accident. He had broken a large store window. That was the happy day when he had received his new left-handed catcher's mitt. He was practicing on the way home when the ball slipped. His dad had forbidden him to use any of his baseball equipment for a whole year. Then he had gone to the academy, and when he came home, the equipment was too small. The things were still down in the basement in the old trunk, he supposed, useless, of course.

The doorbell rang. It startled him. Turning on the hall light, he opened the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Johnson," said Butch, politely. "We have come to pay you for the window we broke this afternoon."

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Johnson, taking the proffered coins.

"There isn't quite enough to pay all of it, but we will give it to you next week if that will be all right with you. We also came to ask if you would be so kind as to unlock the door of your new house to let our pal Lefty out. He went upstairs to get our ball, but you locked the door before we could explain."

"Lefty? Did you say Lefty? And I locked him in the house?" asked Mr. Johnson taking the key ring from his pocket.

"Yes," said Donnie. "He's a good kid, and a dandy catcher, too, even if he is left-handed."

"Lefty—catcher—left-handed. Why, sure I'll unlock the door. Why didn't you tell me he was up there?"

"We tried to," said Oliver. "But——"

"But I was too cross and unreasonable. Come on, boys, we'll make it up to Lefty somehow."

After sincere apologies had been made to Lefty, Mr. Johnson took the boys to his basement. There they exclaimed over the contents of the old trunk.

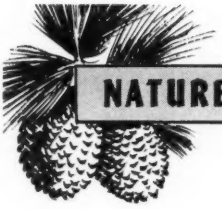
"You see, I used to be Lefty, too," he told them. "Here is my catcher's mitt, as good as new. If you boys can find anything else in there that you can use, you are entirely welcome to take it. It's of no further use to me, and you may as well enjoy it."

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Butch excitedly. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Johnson. Look, kids, here's a real official baseball, and a glove." He patted it soundingly into the palm of his hand.

"A fellow can really swing this bat," beamed Oliver, barely missing a furnace pipe as he circled the bat in the air.

"I could make a dozen home runs in these shoes," said Eugene. "They look to be my size, too."

Lefty was busy buckling on a body protector. His face was enclosed in a catcher's mask. Between his knees he firmly held a genuine cowhide catcher's mitt, and best of all, it was left-handed. *To page 20*



NATURE NUGGETS

By LESTER E. HARRIS, JR.

PAID

The Animal That Swims Backward

JUST suppose you are walking to school one bright morning when all at once you see a clock in a store window. Right away you realize that you had better run or you'll be late. But now, instead of running the way you usually do, you turn around and run backward, because you can go faster that way. Wouldn't you look silly! But this is exactly the way the crayfish travels.

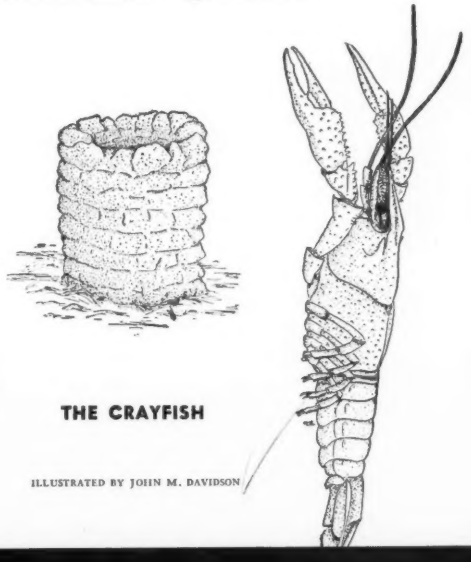
When the crayfish is searching for food along the bottom of the stream in which it lives, it always walks forward very slowly and carefully. Its big pincers are held ready to attack an enemy or grab some choice bit of food. But when danger threatens, or when the crayfish wants to move rapidly to another area, it straightens its legs, holding them stretched out in front of its body. It fans out the sections of its tail and moves them rapidly up and down in the water, actually scooping the water out of the way as it skips backward at an astonishing rate. In fact, the crayfish can move backward so fast that your eyes can't follow it. You just have to wait until the crayfish stops, and then look around for it in the place where you think it went.

The crayfish, in addition to being a fast swimmer, has some other interesting habits. One of these is the peculiar type of entrance it makes to its underground burrow. It pushes aside the mud to make its long tunnels in the banks of the stream or pond. When it gets near the surface of the ground it takes little pincersfuls of mud and makes mud balls. These mud balls are piled up around the entrance to the hole to form a wall, which may be as much as ten inches in height. Nobody knows why the crayfish does this.

Another interesting characteristic of the crayfish is the way it grows. Instead of gradually becoming larger and larger as it grows, it actually bursts right out of its shelly skin when it gets too big for the skin to hold it. One crayfish may shed its skin this way eight or ten times before it is actually grown up. Even then, as it gets heavier throughout its life of six or seven years, it will occasionally shed its skin, or shell.

Each time shedding takes place the crayfish gets grains of sand into pits on each side of its head. These grains of sand rest against certain nerves in the bottom of the pits. They tell the crayfish whether or not it is right side up. If a crayfish is kept in an aquarium containing iron filings instead of sand, it will get filings in these balance pits instead of sand. If a magnet is now held over the top of the crayfish, it will pull the iron filings to the top of the pits, and the poor crayfish will flip upside down thinking it is right side up. Try this as an experiment. It will be fun.

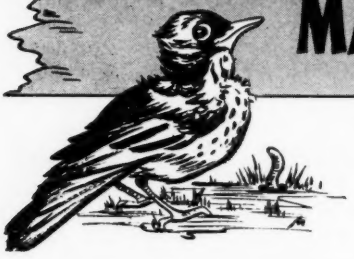
The creatures of nature are God's lesson books for us, His children, to study. In the book of Job, when Elihu spoke to Job, he said, "Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?" (Job 35:11).



THE CRAYFISH

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M. DAVIDSON

Pathfinders MAKE HISTORY



HARRY GARLICK, Reporting

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL OLIPHANT

MR. ROBIN looked up startled, right in the middle of pulling out a worm. "Whatever is all that noise?" he asked. "This meadow has always been quiet."

The noise was growing louder, like the sound of a truck coming up a hill, with a lot of young human voices shouting behind it. In a moment the cause of the noise came around a corner and right into the meadow. Mr. Robin took one more look and fled for his life, hurrying to warn Mrs. Robin to keep away from the field.

For scores of Pathfinders had poured off that truck, and from the sound of it, there were other trucks coming up the road, loaded with children too.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin stood on a pine limb and watched amazed. All over their peaceful meadow Pathfinders were swarming, three hundred of them. And in little groups pup tents were springing up.

"Hey, don't forget us. We're hungry," squeaked Robinetta and Robinetto from the nest. Mrs. Robin hurried to feed them, but Mr. Robin continued to gaze at the unusual sight.

Presently he saw two large piles of wood being stacked. And then, just as it was getting dark, the Pathfinders gathered on both sides of the piles, and they were set afire.

A man stood between the fires talking to the Pathfinders. Mr. Robin thought he heard someone call him Elder Clark Smith, and the Pathfinders seemed to listen very closely.

Then they went to their tents, each group keeping to its own unit from back home, with its own counselor.

Next morning the Robin family sniffed a delicious aroma in the air as the Pathfinders prepared their breakfasts; and then, between trips to get worms for Robinetta and Robinetto, Mr. and Mrs. Robin managed to keep pretty close tab on what was happening in the meadow.

There was a good Sabbath school program, followed by a church service. The preacher was the man who is leader of all Missionary Volunteer activities in the Pacific Union, J. R. Nelson. Mr. Robin wasn't afraid to go hunting worms while he preached, the Pathfinders were so quiet.

After dinner the Robins watched the Pathfinders go on a nature hunt. And after the sun had gone down, there were games, star study with the camp telescope, and finally songs and stories around the campfires, taps, and quiet.

But it wasn't quiet for long. Mr. Robin had hardly settled down for the night, it seemed, when the Pathfinders were up again with fires burning, cooking and frying and boiling breakfast.

And then what activity all day Sunday. In the morning there were several kinds of hikes: cook-out hikes, mountain-rescue hikes, campcraft hikes, and nature hikes. In the afternoon there were contests: flapjack flipping, string burning, fire building, speed knot tying, and drill downs.

Almost as suddenly as it had started, it was over. The tents were coming down, the Pathfinders were climbing aboard, the trucks were rumbling down the hill.

All was quiet again. Mr. Robin flew off to get that worm he had been pulling on Friday afternoon. But the worm had got away.

What Mr. Robin didn't know was that this was a history-making affair. It was the first time that Pathfinders in southeastern California had enjoyed a Camporee. But their Missionary Volunteer leader, Charles Martin, says there will be more.

What's so funny? Peeling potatoes is serious business! And did they ever taste good at dinnertime. Yum, yum.

"Hi ho, hi ho, it's up the trail we go!" First, though, these campers make sure the packs are right for Sunday's hike.

Baby bunny came to Sabbath school, but there was no cradle roll for week-old rabbits. Girls let him go after camp.

A wind might blow the tent down in the night, so these girls make doubly sure it's pitched right. They slept well!

Perseverance rewarded with pink organdy.

BABY SITTI

ALL at once Sally was running downstairs, taking them three at a time. "Mother, Mother!" she called. "Where are you? Listen! I just found out something!"

But we're starting this story at the wrong end. Sally ran down the stairs so excited two or three days before school started. But the story really begins the day school closed, at the beginning of summer.

Sally sat at the desk in her bedroom jabbing dates on a calendar with the point of her pencil. May 21, the day vacation started, had been circled with bright-red ink several weeks ago, and now that date was the starting point of all Sally's reckonings. "May twenty-one, twenty-eight, June four, eleven, eighteen, twenty-five. That's the end of June's dates," she told herself. "That will be five weeks. Now for July. Two, nine, sixteen, twenty-three, thirty—five more weeks! That will be ten weeks of vacation gone. Five more weeks after that will see me back at school, up to my eyes in study.

"I'll say I have thirteen weeks in which I can do something really worth while. I think I could baby-sit. Whatever I find to do it will still be a vacation from school. Let me see, now. Five days a week baby-sitting, maybe eight hours a day at forty cents an hour, will be . . . eight zeros are nothing, eight fours are thirty-two. That will be $3.20 a day. Imagine what I could do with that five times every week! Think of it! Sixteen dollars a week. And then multiply it thirteen times for the number of weeks I will probably work!"

She sighed, and dropping her pencil in the top drawer, leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. She saw in her mind a pink organdy dress with rows and rows and rows of tiny frills all over the skirt. In fact, there did not seem to be any skirt, there were so many frills. Here and there were tiny rosebuds at the hem line, and the sleeves were as puffed as sleeves could be. There was a dainty lace edge at the neck line. There were pink shoes, satiny and smooth, to match. She lingered over the pink organdy dress until she had every detail firmly fixed in her mind. Then there was the red corduroy suit she had been wanting for next winter, and there were her school clothes. She wanted orlon skirts, pleated all around and—— There was Mother calling downstairs.

"Supper is ready, Sally. If you don't hurry, you will be late at the church!"

Sally put her head to one side and looked at the ceiling in complete puzzlement. "La[illegible] at the church if I don't hurry?" Whatever was Mother talking about? She frowned. Oh! It was eighth grade graduation night, and Sally was leading the seventh grade in their march before the graduates entered. How could she be so carried away at the prospect of baby-sitting that she would forget such an occasion for even one minute, she wondered.

She took the stairs three at a time. She had learned that from brother Bill. He never had time to walk on every step on the stairway, no matter what the day or hour. Maybe Mother would excuse this lack of ladylikeness just this once!

Of course Sally could only peck at her supper. All the excitement in her mind was smothering her appetite.

At the church everything and everyone seemed to be astir. There was corsage pinning, and last-minute chanting of speeches by the president of the class and the valedictorian, and girls swishing and rustling about the vestibule in their new dresses. Sally tried to remember what it was she had learned to say when Danny passed the torch to her. Oh, horrors! The speech had completely gone from her mind! All she could think was, "Twenty-eight, four, eleven, eighteen, that brings me to the end of June!" And then there were clouds of filmy, pink organdy floating across her mind.

JOHN COURLEY, ARTIST

To his great glee, Benny had found some soft tar. He lagged behind, stepping in it, getting it all over his shoes and socks.

ndy.

STORY

TTING FOR A NEW DRESS

By IVY R. DOHERTY

PAID

Miss Murdoch came to Sally. "Know your part, Sally?" and she patted her on the cheek. "Your dress is beautiful."

"Thank you," responded Sally not very enthusiastically. "Miss Murdoch, if I can forget about dresses for just one minute then maybe I can remember my part." Miss Murdoch smiled. "I will accept the torch of perseverance and carry it despite all hindrance——"

"Oh," sighed Sally, "of course," and she felt her nervousness slipping away.

There was organ music that made you want to keep step, there was marching, there were songs and speeches and an address. There were diplomas. Sally was thinking about doing something worth while in the summer months so much through the service that the next day it all appeared as a hazy dream.

"Mother," she said at breakfast time, "I'm twelve now, you know."

"What made you think I could forget how old you are?" queried Mother, a smile of amusement playing around her mouth.

"Now, Mother, please be sensible and let me finish what I was about to tell you. I'm twelve, and I feel I ought to do something worth while with my vacation this year. I'd like to earn money to buy clothes for next school year or something like that. You know what I mean?"

"That would be wonderful," Mother told her. "It would be a help to the whole family. How do you think you could earn money?"

"I think I could baby-sit well enough to please most people," Sally confided.

"Of course," Mother agreed. "Maybe we could advertise in the *Evening Star*."

"I thought of that," she told her mother. "And I thought Mrs. Riley and Mrs. Penrod might give me recommendations, because for two years now I have been taking care of their children when they needed me, you know. Could I put a notice in Bryant's store window?"

"I think that would be all right," Mother said, and added, "This will not be easy for you, Sally. The days will be very hot soon, and the girls will probably tease you to go swimming, and sometimes there will be entertainments and picnics when you may be needed to take care of someone's children. When you think of all that you might have to give up, do you still think that you want to go ahead with the idea?"

"It is cool today, Mother," Sally announced after a few moments' thought. "I don't feel a bit as though I want to swim, all summer, so right now I will tell you that I would rather baby-sit any day than go swimming. When the hot days come, you remind me, when I am tempted to give up my work, that I once said I did not care if I did not have a swim all summer and that I would rather baby-sit."

"That's one way of taking yourself in hand," Mother laughed. "I promise that no matter how long and hard you may tease me to let you leave your work I will tell you that what you really want to do is to baby-sit."

"That is fine, Mother. You will be a big help to me," smiled Sally.

For several days Sally and her mother made plans for Sally's summer work. There were interviews and telephone calls, until at last, as Sally said, she was ready to "set sail."

Mrs. McCoy was a pharmacist and worked from 2:30 until 7:30 helping her husband in their pharmacy at the front of their house. She needed Elizabeth and Benny taken care of at that time from Sundays to Thursdays. She thought Sally would be just the girl she was looking for.

All went well for Sally the first afternoon at the McCoys', but on the second afternoon, when Sally took the children for their walk, Benny found a puddle of soft tar that had been melted by the warm sun at the side of the road, and lagged behind Sally and Elizabeth just long enough to step in the oozing tar several times and get the soles of his shoes and about a half inch of the pate[illegible] leather covered with a horribly sticky mes[illegible]

When he walked on the side of the road, small pieces of gravel and sticks and dead grass stuck fast to the tar. Occasionally his shoe would rub against the sock on the opposite foot. Sally was both frightened and annoyed when she beheld the grinning four-year-old charge of hers.

"Benny, how could you?" she gasped.

"I'm a tar man, I are," he informed her impishly. "Tar mans get tar on their pants and shoes," he added.

Sally did not feel like joining Benny in his mood. She asked heatedly, "Who do you think is going to clean your shoes for you?" And then she saw that his socks presented as big a problem as the shoes.

"Suppose Sally will," Elizabeth put in slyly.

Sally turned them about-face and marched them home like soldiers about to be court-martialed. She prepared them for their naps, and when they were tucked safely in their beds she began a search of the cleaning closet in the hope that she would find something to save Benny's shoes and socks. Presently she found something she had seen Mother use once on some clothes that had been soiled with grease. Happy moment! It worked. Soon the hopeless-looking footwear was restored, and Sally's mind was at rest on that score.

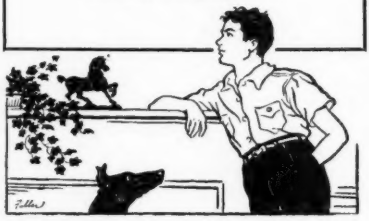
When bath time came, Benny was to play beneath the kitchen window on the lawn

To page 17

RIDDLE

What do we have more of, the more we share it with others?

Answer on page 16.



SEEING THE INVISIBLE

By LEONARD MITCHELL

THE draw bridge is down. Sixty times six quintillion, two hundred eighty-five quadrillion (377,100,000,000,000,000,000) cowboys go charging past the gatekeeper every minute, racing at thousands of miles a second, whirling their lariats in the air, reaching out to lasso any sleepy dogie they can catch.

That, we told you two weeks ago, describes pretty well what happens inside an electric wire when someone turns on the switch to light a hundred-watt lamp. Only, instead of there being any cowboys in the wire, there are tiny little things called electrons, and their "lariats" are invisible things scientists call "lines of force." I promised you you could see them. Now that you have made your electromagnet, it will be easy.

Experiment No. 5. Lay the electromagnet

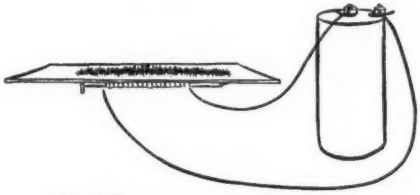


Fig. 5-A

on the table. Place a piece of cardboard over it. Sprinkle some iron filings on top, and connect the ends of the wires to the battery (see Fig. 5-A).

Immediately there is a moving among the filings. They seem to stand up and hold hands. Where there are too many together, they may not be able to move properly, any more than you can move when in a crowd. So tap the cardboard lightly. Presently you will see definite lines form, just like those in the drawing (see Fig. 5-B).

If you are fortunate enough to have a piece of glass, lay it on the magnet instead of the cardboard, and you will be able to see ex-

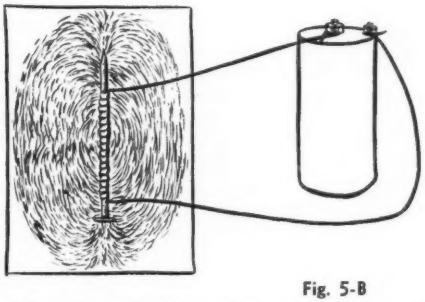


Fig. 5-B

actly where the lines of force come out of the magnet.

Better yet, get a horseshoe magnet, place glass or cardboard over it, and sprinkle on the filings. Notice how the lines of force go out one end of the horseshoe and in the other (see Fig. 5-C).

You can get other interesting designs by making a second magnet and placing it near to the first one. Notice how the filings change shape as the magnets come closer together, or as you change them end for end.

Now that you have seen these lines of force, remember them. They are very important in making electricity.

Experiment No. 6. You have probably noticed something else while you have been playing with the electromagnet. When you hold the wires against the battery for any length of time, they get hot. This is the

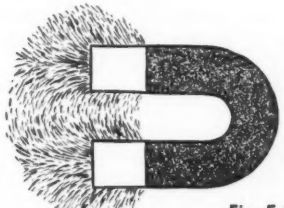


Fig. 5-C

same thing that happens in the toaster or in an electric stove.

If you have a piece of very fine wire, hold it across the terminals of the battery. (You had better use pliers for this, so as not to burn your fingers.) In a moment the wire will get red hot and burn through.

This is the same thing that happens in a fuse when it blows out. It's not hard to understand why when we think of those cowboys. Imagine them galloping down a six-lane highway, six abreast. On the wide road there's room for all, and they sing as they go, "Where never is heard, a discouraging word."

Then, suddenly, without warning, the six-lane road becomes a one-lane bridge. What a pushing and a shoving there is! How many rude, unkind words are hurled around as anger flares and tempers heat! And with all those horses and riders trying to go over the little bridge, the poor little thing collapses, leaving the horses on the bank snorting, rearing their forefeet high in the air, unable to get across.

That's exactly what happens when those millions of electrons, moving swiftly over a piece of large wire, suddenly have to go over the small wire. They push one another around, and the more they push and shove, the hotter they get, until the copper wire gets so hot it melts.

Experiment No. 7. You can make your electromagnet stronger very easily. Just put more turns of wire around the nail, or use more batteries, or both.

An electromagnet made of one hundred turns of wire, with two batteries, is as strong as an electromagnet with only one battery but with two hundred turns of wire. If you have ten batteries, you can make a strong magnet with just a hundred turns. If, however, you have only one battery and want a magnet as strong as the one powered with the ten batteries, simply use ten times as many turns—a thousand.

Next week I'll tell you how to make your own compass, and about the battle of the magnetic boats. Then pretty soon I'll tell you how to make an automatic bean shooter.

Drop-a-Letter Puzzle

By BERTHA R. HUDELSON

I stand for everything that's right
And help make the world better,
And then I make a Bible name
By dropping my first letter.
And now with my last letter gone,
I make a good road poor,
And traveling folk avoid me when
On a vacation tour.

Whose Husband?

By ELLEN E. MORRISON

For each husband in the left column, write the number of his wife from the right column. All of them are well-known Bible couples.

..... ABRAHAM	1. BATHSHEBA
..... ISAAC	2. SARAH
..... ADAM	3. REBEKAH
..... DAVID	4. MARY
..... JOSEPH	5. EVE
..... BOAZ	6. RACHEL
..... JACOB	7. RUTH

Who Was He?

By IDA MAE CRESTAKOS

He was the first-born son.

He was a farmer.

He disobeyed God and brought to him an offering that was not acceptable.

He was the first murderer.

He built the first city and named it after his first-born son.

Guess Who

By RILLA BOYNTON

I am thinking of a lad who was given his name by an angel of the Lord. The name means "God shall hear." And God did hear, and provided water when he was about to die of thirst in a lonely desert. The Lord also heard the prayer of his father for him, and made him a great man.

He had twelve sons. He lived to be 137 years old. His descendants are still to be found in Arabia. His name begins with "I" (Genesis 21).

ANSWER

"Drop-a-Letter Puzzle": Truth, Ruth, Rut.
"Whose Husband?": ABRAHAM, 2; ISAAC, 3; ADAM, 5; DAVID, 1; JOSEPH, 4; BOAZ, 7; JACOB, 6.
"Who Was He?": Cain. Genesis 4.
"Guess Who": Ishmael.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE on page 14: Friendship.

Baby Sitting for a New Dress

From page 14

while Sally supervised Elizabeth's bath, and then Benny would take his turn. In a few minutes she had Elizabeth looking like a new pin, and as she turned to take the towel from the rack to dry Elizabeth, a piercing shriek smote her ears.

"Benny!" cried Elizabeth. "Benny, Sally. He's hurt!"

Sally went flying in search of Benny, who, she found, had been swinging on the garden gate and had pinched his finger in the top hinge. At sight of Sally he screamed the harder. "Want Momma. Want Momma!" he yelled. Sally swung open the gate and released the tortured finger. She could not disturb Mrs. McCoy in the pharmacy. She would have to do the best she could.

It was fifteen minutes before the last tears were dried and Benny accepted the consolation of a cookie to chew while Sally went back to dress Elizabeth, whom she had warned to stay in the bath until she should return.

A loud wallowing sound met Sally's ears as she made her way to the bathroom. Glancing down at the floor, she noticed that there seemed to be buckets and buckets of water soaking into the hall carpet. In fact, the carpet looked as though it was well on the way to ruin.

In Sally's absence, Elizabeth had filled the bath to overflowing and had been playing porpoise, she informed Sally. The porpoise's plunges had sent the water into the hall. The bathroom floor was completely flooded.

"What was Benny yelling about, Sally?" asked the young miss, quite oblivious to the fact that she was causing more distress to Sally than the pinched finger could possibly have done.

Sally groaned. "What *will* your mother say when she sees what you have done to her good carpet?" she demanded. "Big girls of six ought to know better than to flood a bathroom and ruin a carpet," she reproached.

"When you wanted me to take a nap you said I was a little girl and little girls needed to take naps in the afternoon. Now you say I am a big girl. Now, am I big or am I little?"

"I think you must be a big girl when you should be little and a little girl when you should be big," Sally scolded.

Elizabeth was silent, trying to work that one out. Sally was indeed grateful for the few minutes' respite. As she tried to soak up the pools of water from the floor and the carpet, she began to think of pink organdy, and wondered whether the dress was worth all this trouble.

Benny spilled his milk at suppertime and Elizabeth refused to go to bed unless Sally read her a story "just like Aunt Biddie does."

That night she crept silently indoors while Mother was watering her flower garden, and burying her head in her pillow, she really let the tears flow. How could she live through thirteen weeks of days like today? The world looked very upside down and dreary to Sally. Right at that moment the other girls were enjoying themselves at a croquet party at the Spencers' home. The thought was gall to her when she remembered Mrs. McCoy's damp hall carpet.

When Mother heard the story, she suggested that maybe Mrs. McCoy would not mind if Sally brought the children home for a day or two until Sally became better acquainted with them. And that is what she did.

Sally's mother studied the children carefully during the time they were in her home, and made a number of suggestions to Sally that helped her to meet many difficulties with them in the days to come.

There were a few morning jobs Sally had found to do, and she was now a busier girl than she imagined she could be. She did not mind being "tied to her jobs," as the girls put it, until the hot morning when Mary Lou peered through the hedge that separated hers and Sally's homes and said, "I do wish you would come with us today. Mother and Aunt Linda are taking all the seventh and eighth graders on a picnic to Willow Springs Park. It will be cool and pleasant there, and we want you to come. You will be the only one absent."

Sally hesitated. What would she give to be able to say Yes! She thought of the mud pies Timmy and Tommy Brainerd would have spattered all over themselves and the sidewalk before the morning was over, and of how many times she would try to make them understand that they must keep off the sidewalk with their tricycles and stay in their own yard, where they were safe.

"I'd love to go," she told Mary Lou. "Maybe I could ask Mother. I think Mrs. Brainerd could get along for just one day

HOURS OF READING PLEASURE

for the Juniors

AFRICAN ANIMAL STORIES

By Harry W. Lowe

Children love animal stories. Here is a collection about just the sort of thing that comes in the everyday life of a missionary among his native friends. They are written in general terms so the boys and girls will not be troubled with strange names of persons and places. The stories speak for themselves, without undue moralizing. $2.00

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A gripping mission story teeming with human interest, anecdotes, and incidents. The reader meets wild jungle life just as it is lived by its people and met by the Youngbergs. The author gave two mission terms to Borneo. She knew the Jungle Thorn tragedy first hand and saw its victim blossom into a beautiful Christian character. $2.00

* * *

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By Harry Baerg

Fun and excitement fill the pages of these coyote stories. Harry Baerg, author-artist-naturalist, is at his best as he presents details of wild animal life that will hold the young reader's attention from beginning to end. Three complete stories, bound in attractive cloth cover. $2.00

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without me. She is at home all the time. It isn't as if the children would be by themselves."

Mary Lou clapped her hands with delight. "Now you are talking sense," she told Sally.

Sally was just about to open the porch door to ask Mother if she thought it would be all right to go just this once, but she stepped back onto the lawn. "No, I can't ask Mother," she told herself. "How foolish it would be of me, after all I said to her at the beginning of vacation about doing something worth while, and that I'd stick to the job if once I started. Besides, Mrs. Brainerd might get someone else if I began taking time out from work to go to something as unimportant as a picnic. No, I shall go to work. I'll be late if I don't hurry."

"Sorry, Mary Lou," she called as she ran past the hedge. "I won't be able to go, and I must hurry or I'll be late for work," and she sped on, not giving Mary Lou half a chance to voice her protest. Mary Lou stared after the running figure. Whatever had possessed her? There was no answer. Sally was certainly taken up with her baby-sitting jobs. She could not deny that, nor could she understand why things should be as they were. There was absolutely nothing she could do about the situation, she told herself, so went about preparing for the picnic.

Mrs. Riley became ill and needed Sally to care for Billy on Sabbath and Sunday. Sally felt she ought to do this even on Sabbath, and she took the opportunity to take Billy along to the kindergarten room at Sabbath school. Billy had a wonderful time, and told his parents all about Sabbath school each time Sally took him there.

On a Sunday, when the weather was too hot to do anything but swim all day if one wanted to enjoy life, Janice and Mary Lou came to tempt Sally once again, but this time the refusal was easier, because she had faced up squarely to the first temptation.

She *did* have her swims at odd hours through the week when a break would come between jobs, but because she could never tell when those breaks would come, she could never plan to go along with the other girls. Soon they stopped asking her to do anything with them. It was hard for her, but she knew that as soon as school started again she would be "in" everything once more with the girls, and they would have forgotten all about her shutting herself away.

She noticed how Mother tried a hundred little ways to make up to her the fun she was missing. Father was proud of her for the way she was "sticking to her guns," as he called it. Even Bill seemed to have developed more respect for her, and that was really saying something! Best of all, she was beginning to respect herself for the way she was persevering, especially when she remembered how trying Elizabeth and Benny could be at times! Some days with them were complete turmoil.

Week by week, after paying her tithe, Sally gave Mother her money to keep. She had been confiding to Mother about a certain pink organdy dress and a corduroy suit until Mother knew by heart the things she would make for Sally and the things she would need to buy.

Then very suddenly, it seemed to Sally, vacation was coming to an end. Just one more week and school would be in full progress again. She sat at her desk in her bedroom, and for want of something better to do, began stabbing dates on her calendar with the point of her pencil. August 31 was circled in red. She had drawn that circle the evening before when she realized school would be opening next Tuesday.

And then she began to reckon as she had done once before, only this time it was not what she was *going* to do, and what she was *going* to earn if she could "stick at it," but what she *had* earned because she *had* stuck at it.

All at once she was on her way downstairs, taking them three at a time, yet fairly flying and scarcely seeming to touch the steps at all.

"Mother! Mother! Where are you?" Mother appeared from the den, where she usually sewed, some pins in her mouth and a piece of pink material in her hand.

"Listen, Mother! Listen!" Sally gasped breathlessly. "After the amounts I have deducted I still have $163. Could I spend $63 on clothes and start a bank account with the balance? It would be nice to have money when I needed it."

Mother took the pins from her mouth in order to speak, but Sally was already talking again. "Mother, what *is* that in your hand? Not pink organdy?"

Mother's eyes lighted up, bluer than usual. "Yes, Sally. I fancy I have heard you speak of pink organdy before today. Come into the den with me." Mother held up the pink

dress. It had rows and rows of tiny pink frills until you did not know there was a skirt at all. Here and there, caught at the hem line, were rosebuds. The sleeves puffed until they could puff no more. There was lace trimming at the neck edge.

"Pink organdy is the reward for perseverance on this occasion," laughed Mother. "I have been figuring out that I can make most of your clothes, thus saving your money and helping your $63 go further. In fact, it will stretch unbelievably."

Sally took one long, appreciative glance at the beautiful creation her mother held, then she charged for Mother's arms. "Mother," she panted, hugging her wildly, "get your shoes changed and your hair smoothed out and let us go and buy my pink shoes before the stores close. They have to be satiny and shiny pink, you know."

She called over her shoulder as she hurried to dress, "By the way, Mother, I told Mrs. Riley I would baby-sit two afternoons a week after school all through the school year if it is all right with you."

Kent Wins a Bargain

From page 3

Even he himself was beginning to question what good the literature did.

By the time a week had rolled by he was beginning to worry. Bill met him at church that Sabbath. "Well, Kent," he said, "it's been a week. Half of your time is up. Have you any interested people from all that literature?"

"No," admitted Kent. "But you wait. Next week I'll bring someone to church!"

"Now wait a minute. You must not talk to them. The literature has to do everything!" Bill said.

"That's right. And I'll have someone here," Kent replied.

That afternoon he passed out the usual literature. But he saw a man take one of the papers, glance at it, and throw it into a wastepaper basket. "Maybe Bill is right," he said aloud to himself. "I may have made a fool of myself!"

But during the week he thought of something. "It will work!" he said, as he hurried home from school.

At home he got out his mother's typewriter, paper, and several sheets of carbon paper. He inserted a number of sheets with carbon paper and slowly punched out an invitation to come to church. He included the church's telephone number and the address.

In each piece of literature he placed a copy of the invitation. Then, without waiting for Sabbath, he handed out fifty more copies of the literature that afternoon. He waited anxiously the rest of the week, hoping his idea would work. He disliked Bill's know-it-all attitude, and he was quite sure he would at last prove him wrong.

When he finally reached the church, he glanced around at the congregation, and thought he saw some new people. After church the minister came to him and said, "Kent, I heard about your proposition with Bill. I thought you would like to know that because of your idea about the invitations, there were three new people here this morning."

"That's swell," Kent said as the blood rushed to his cheeks.

"And I've been thinking about those invitations. They were a good idea. I'm going to have some printed up and put in all the literature!" added the minister.

"A great idea!" agreed Kent. "And I'll hand out twice as much as I have been—even if I did win!"

"You're a fine boy," remarked the minister as he walked away.

"I guess I'll be handing out papers for a while," Bill said later.

"I guess so," grinned Kent.

"And I'm sorry for what I said about literature," smiled Bill. "It really paid off that time."

Lefty Becomes a Catcher

From page 8

"Boys," said Mr. Johnson huskily, "I want you to enjoy these things as much as I have enjoyed this evening with you. You have more than paid for the broken window—though not in money."

The boys wondered at his words, but they were so engrossed with the baseball outfit that all they could keep saying was, "Thank you, Mr. Johnson, thank you," as they went out the door.

"You are entirely welcome," Mr. Johnson assured them. "Go to it, boys, and have the good time—that I missed when I was young."

Two Goals to Reach

From page 5

"I am not ashamed of the gospell of Christ" (Rom. 1:16).

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15).

Dave could close his eyes yet and hear the solemn voice of Pastor Curry reading those verses. He resolved that he wouldn't be ashamed of Jesus or the Sabbath, even if Carl did go and tell all the fellows and they made fun of him for it.

"Don't take it so hard, Dave," Romola was saying. "Carl isn't very religious anyway, you know."

"That's right," agreed Dave. "But he's part of the 'every creature,' isn't he?"

Romola laughed. "I guess he is, all right."

"I'll—I'll," Dave hesitated. "I'll keep praying for him anyway. Maybe someday he'll be ready to listen—after I refuse practically every Sabbath to come and play ball with him."

Romola nodded sympathetically.

Dave stood up and stretched. Two goals to reach, he thought. One person to be won for Jesus this school year—that would be first. Could he do it? And the other—to be in the academy next year. That would take a lot of work, too. But someway he was going to try to reach both goals.

He was glad he had studied the Junior Voice of Prophecy Bible Course during the summer. That would help him to reach the first goal. But how would he ever find enough work to reach the second?

Romola bounced up from the swing. "Let's go wake Dad and see if we can drive out to granddad's farm. I want to see the new colt he told me about before Sabbath school this morning."

"The very thing," said Dave.

(Next week: First Week at Junior High.)

AND ON PAGE 1189, PLEASE? William V. Wallace of Rhode Island has an amazing memory. He knows everything to be found in a certain popular 1200-page catalog. All you have to do is to name the page, and he can tell you by memory what items are advertised on that page and how much they cost.

TIRED OF STUDYING? Some school children claim that reading their lessons makes them very tired, but now a research scientist of the Smithsonian Institution has shown that they probably don't get tired at all. After careful studies with forty individuals, he found that people can read as long as six hours without suffering eyestrain or fatigue. In view of that, it could be that children who think they get tired *from* reading, really only get tired *of* reading!

MORE PEOPLE, AND STILL MORE PEOPLE. It is estimated that three hundred years ago there were only 625,000,000 people in the world. Now there are 2,500,000,000; and by A.D. 2000, if the world lasts that long, there should be 3,000,000,000.

LINCOLN'S GLASSES. Abraham Lincoln bought his first pair of glasses in a jewelry store in Illinois. He just stopped at the store one day on his way to catch a train, and purchased the glasses for 37½ cents. In those days it was the usual thing to buy glasses in a store by trying on various pairs and choosing the one that seemed to work best.

WHALE FACTS. An average blue whale is a rather large animal. In size it compares with a freight car, and its weight may add up to 130 tons. Its skull weighs four and a half tons and is the size of an automobile (though its brain is only the size of a carburetor!). Its liver weighs a ton, and its tongue weighs three tons. . . . By the way, would you say that that was the tongue of a whale, or a whale of a tongue?

COVER PICTURE by H. A. Roberts.

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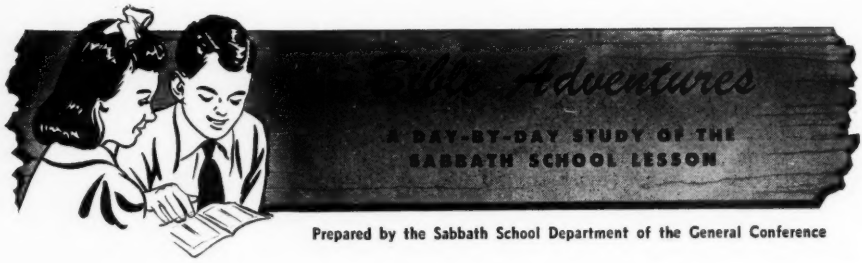


Prepared by the Sabbath School Department of the General Conference

XIII—Obedience

(SEPTEMBER 25)

Lesson Texts: **2 Timothy 4:3, 4; Philippians 2:5-10.**

Memory Verse: **"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land" (Isaiah 1:19).**

Guiding Thought

In a series of lessons about things that we believe, it may at first seem strange to include obedience as a doctrine. But the Advent people above all others believe in obedience—willing obedience to God's commands.

It was through disobedience that the newly created earth was spoiled and the Garden of Eden lost. It is only because of willing obedience through faith in Jesus that we shall regain the inheritance of the better country, for of the obedient only is it said, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. 22:14).

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Examples of Obedient Lives

1. James, writing about Abraham, called him the "friend of God." For what did Paul commend him? (Heb. 11:8.)

2. What test of obedience came to Abraham in his old age? (Gen. 22:1, 2.)

NOTE.—"Abraham was sorely tested in his old age. The words of the Lord seemed terrible and uncalled-for to the stricken old man, yet he never questioned their justice or hesitated in his obedience. He might have pleaded that he was old and feeble, and could not sacrifice the son who was the joy of his life. He might have reminded the Lord that this command conflicted with the promises that had been given in regard to this son. But the obedience of Abraham was without a murmur or a reproach. His trust in God was implicit."—*Testimonies,* vol. 4, p. 253.

3. What example in obedience did Christ set for us? (Phil. 2:8.)

NOTE.—"Jesus, our great Exemplar, in His life and death taught the strictest obedience. He died, the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, that the honor of God's law might be preserved and yet man not utterly perish."—*Testimonies,* vol. 4, p. 251.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Things That Lead to Disobedience

4. When Saul was bidden by Samuel the prophet to kill utterly the wicked Amalekites, even to their domestic animals, he only partially obeyed. He spared their king and kept the best of their animals. He made the excuse that the people had kept the animals to make sacrifices to God. What did Samuel tell him? (1 Sam. 15:22.)

5. What excuse did Saul make for his disobedience? (Verse 24.)

NOTE.—Saul was afraid of losing his popularity with the people. The same excuse today keeps many from obeying God's law.

6. What makes others continue in their course of disobedience? (Eccl. 8:11.)

NOTE.—There are many today who, because they do not immediately see ill results from their sinful course, continue in their wrongdoing. They blind their eyes to the fact that God, though long-suffering, will bring every man to judgment.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Men Who Disobeyed

7. What act of disobedience deprived Moses of the privilege of entering the Promised Land? (Num. 20:7-12.)

8. What seemingly little thing caused Nadab and Abihu to be put to death? (Lev. 10:1, 2.)

NOTE.—"Next to Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu had stood highest in Israel. They had been especially honored by the Lord, having been permitted with the seventy elders to behold His glory in the mount. But their transgression was not therefore to be excused or lightly regarded. All this rendered their sin more grievous."—*Patriarchs and Prophets,* p. 359.

9. Recall the story of the grave consequences of Uzza's failure to obey the rule that only the Levites could touch the holy furniture of the sanctuary. (1 Chron. 13:9, 10.)

ASSIGNMENT 5

A Hearing Ear and a Yielding Heart

10. How are we told to respond to the teaching of the law? (Ps. 78:1.)

NOTE.—Our ears can be inattentive or dull, or attentive and sharp. The obedient child of God keeps his ears open to God's teaching at all times.

11. By way of contrast, how are the ears of those who teach strange doctrines and the ears of those who listen to such doctrines described? (2 Tim. 4:3, 4.)

12. What does God promise to those who willingly hear His law? (Heb. 8:10.)

NOTE.—"For I delight in the law of God after the inward man," says Paul. The law and obedience to it were part of his make-up and he would not have been happy without obeying God.

"He who has God's law written in the heart will obey God rather than men, and will sooner disobey all men than deviate in the least from the commandment of God."—*Testimonies,* vol. 1, p. 361.

ASSIGNMENT 6

The Reward of Obedience

13. In what ways is the spirit of disobedience seen in the last days? (2 Tim. 3:1-5.)

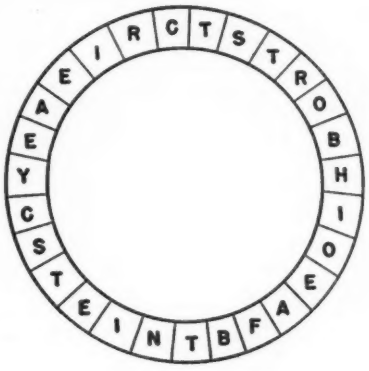
NOTE.—Isaiah wrote of these times, "The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant" (Isa. 24:5).

14. What is promised to those who obey with a willing heart all that God tells them to do? (Isa. 1:19.)

NOTE.—"The condition of eternal life is now just what it has always been,—just what it was in Paradise before the fall of our first parents,—perfect obedience to the law of God, perfect righteousness. If eternal life were granted on any condition short of this, then the happiness of the whole universe would be imperiled. The way would be open for sin, with all its train of woe and misery, to be immortalized."—*Steps to Christ,* p. 67.

ASSIGNMENT 7

CAN YOU READ A VERSE ABOUT OBEDIENCE IN THIS CIRCLE OF LETTERS? (SPELL BY GOING FROM ONE LETTER TO THE FOURTH BEYOND IT BEGINNING WITH T.)



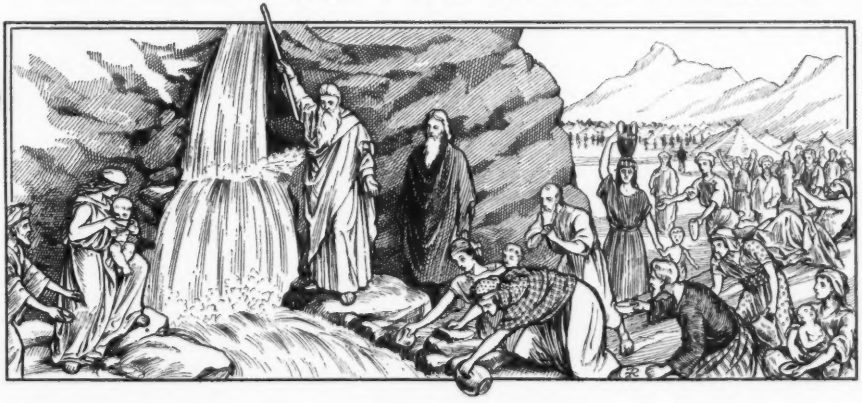
IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY—

To apologize,
To begin again,
To save money,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To keep on trying,
To endure success,
To avoid mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To think and then act,
To keep out of the rut,
To make the best of little,
To subdue an unruly temper,
To recognize the silver lining,
To obey our parents,
To obey God;

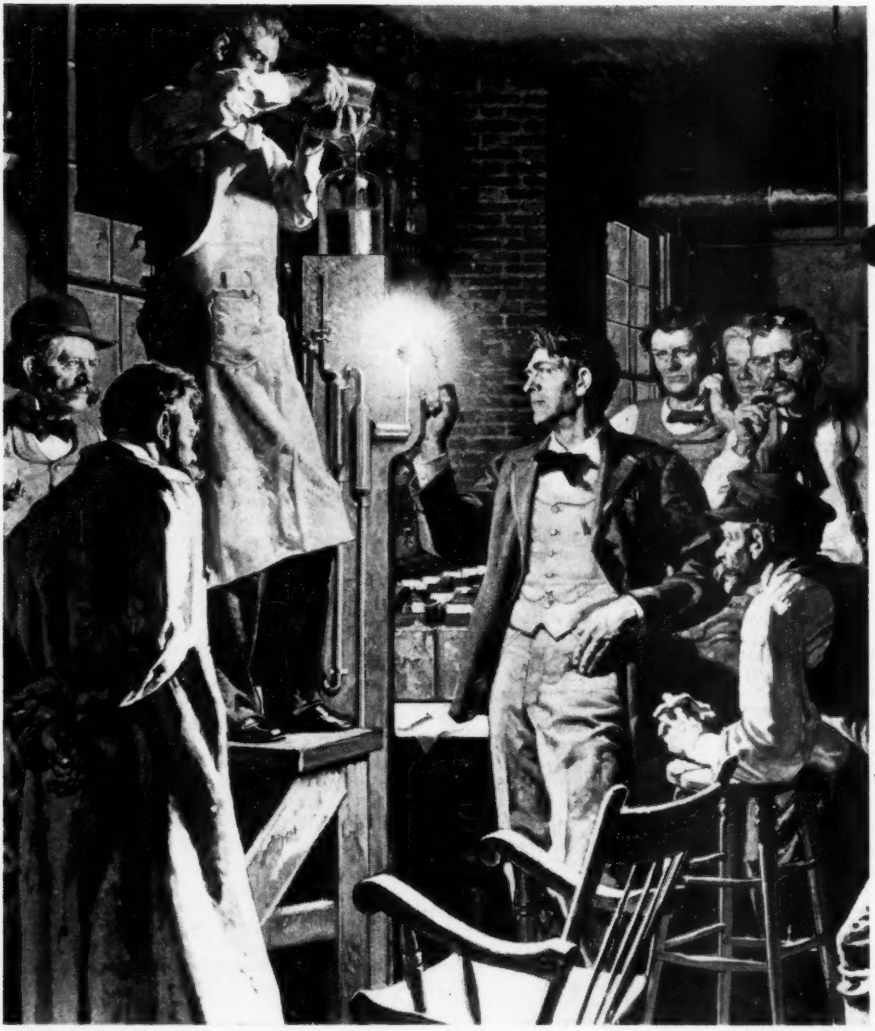
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS!

—*Selected*

God is like parents, He wants to be obeyed. He told Moses to speak to the rock, but Moses hit it with his stick instead. For forty years he had been obedient, but now he must be punished.



Famous Inventors - 3



COURTESY, GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. DEAN CORNWELL, ARTIST

The Man Who Would Not Quit

For thirteen months he had tried—and failed. Hundreds of different ideas had been tested, only to be thrown away as worthless. Men had searched the world to find materials that would make an electric light, but when the current was passed through them, either they did not light, or, if they did, they burned up. "Perhaps," thought Mr. Edison, "a thread of cotton would work, if I first turn it to carbon by heating it in a furnace." It took five hours in the furnace to carbonize a bit of thread, and it was so weak it broke almost without being touched. Two whole spools of thread were treated in that special furnace before he got one filament he could use. But it worked. The light shone! And all the weary months were forgotten as the world thanked the man who would not quit, for giving them light for their darkness.